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THE DUKE'S HOUSE.

I was born in an old chartered and very picturesque town in a Western county, in whose vicinage stood an ancient, dual, palace, which had not been occupied for many a long year; and like other buildings left to decay, it had the reputation of being haunted. There certainly were strange sights and sounds to be seen and heard sometimes by those who were near the place at dusk and after dark; but it was never looked into. The uneducated were too superstitious and frightened, the better class were too busy or too indolent; and we had no rural police in those days to trace out the causes. It was a great pity for such a fine Elizabethan structure to fall to ruin. I remember it as a strong and beautiful mansion, with its lawns and terrace-gardens, and its many windows as there are days in a year. This I doubtless when a child, and often got the nurse to tell me; and the house, to count them with me; but we never attained our object; for the sun got overclouded, and she would be sure to see a ghost at some gloomy window, and rush off, leaving me, terrified, to follow. The old residents had died out, the title having become extinct, and around it were sprung up mills and factories, which prevented the aristocracy from living in it. The mill-owners, too, preferred to be up further away from their counting-houses and smoky chimneys. Besides, it must have been a very rich man who could put it in decorative repair, and keep up such an establishment. In those days our merchant-princes were content with very modest dwellings, such as many a middle-class man nowadays would deem it derogatory to live in. I am writing of a slow and sure age; we are now living in a fast and reckless one.

But to my story. I had attained an age when ghosts or hobgoblins and such like rubbish did not terrify or trouble me. I was a married man, the father of several children, when a cousin came to visit us, who was highly delighted with our pretty town; and knowing her to be very clever with her pencil, I asked her to paint me one or two of the scenes in the neighborhood. This she willingly consented to do, and was the first picture. She thought the view from the Duke's House—where it was called—would be the best. I told her she dared not trust herself in there, for it had been uninhabited for the last century, and was haunted. She laughed, and said she did not believe in ghosts; she was not so much frightened at the dead in solitary places as at the living; and here, being excited, she wanted to explore the old building. So, whilst she went for her easel and materials, I got the keys from an old man who lived in the old courtyard of the dual residence.

We walked through the rooms, admiring their old grandeur, the lofty marble columns, standing on marble hearths each side of the fireplaces, supporting the groined ceilings, with coats of arms and other devices carved in marble between them. The tapestry round the walls smelled moldy, but was in a wonderful state of preservation, and no worse than when a boy, twenty years before, I had pitted the ladies who worked so hard to cover the walls with the rough stone, and I had selected a room for my first sketch; and as I was leaving, I advised her to lock the door after me, to guard against intrusion; but she objected to this, saying she never looked herself in any room for fear of sudden illness; but if I would lock the door on the outside, and call for her as I came from the back, she would be much happier to know she was secure from interruption. After some hesitation, I consented to do this, and with the key in my pocket, went to business.

It was just closing time, and I was locking up the strong-room, when the manager drew my attention to a matter which involved a protracted search of papers—a search, however, which thoughtfully having been from my head by this unwanted piece of business, I reached home, and as I mechanically took out my latch-key and went into the house, still in a reverie, I was met by my wife, who asked why I was so late for dinner, and where Mary was. "Mary?" I exclaimed; "I forgot all about her!" and catching my hat off the peg again, I rushed out, speeding as fast as I could to liberate her, and bitterly lamenting my folly for locking her in.

It was quite dark when I got there, and I had no light; but I felt out the keyhole, unlocked the door and tramped loudly up the stairs. I called her, but received no reply. Going into the room in which I had left her, I gazed into the recesses, and found her huddled up in one corner.

"Mary, my poor dear child," I exclaimed, "will you ever forgive me?" "Hush, hush! for pity's sake, hush!" she said in a whisper.

"Why did you not answer me when I called you?" I replied.

"I did not hear you until now. Oh, I have seen such fearful sights!"

"I felt her whole frame quiver, and then, as I was assisting her to rise, she fell on me in a fainting fit. I had no light, not even a fusee in my pocket, and no one was within call. At length I thought of the water she had for her work; it might revive her if I could find it. I laid her down gently, and groping about for the water, sprinkled her face, which had the effect of bringing her round.

Hurriedly rising, she exclaimed: "Oh, come away. Take me out of this horrid place!"

I began to rally her about the absurdity of her fears, and her telling me in the morning she was not superstitious.

By the light of the lantern she had brought, she caught sight of Mary's blanched face.

To my wife's interrogatories respecting her illness, the poor girl assured her that she was not ill, but terrified.

"I will tell you all," she added, "when I get home."

I was thankful for the light, and left them walking on, whilst I ran up for Mary's painting materials, and locking the door, I put the key in my pocket, meaning to return again after dinner and try to elucidate the mystery. When I joined them, Mary was asking my wife how she dared come alone all the way from my house to that dreadful place.

She replied, she would rather do so at any hour of the night than be kept in suspense, and added: "As soon as the day began to close, I looked for you; but as you did not come, I thought Frank must have called for you, and was lionizing you in the town. But when I fell in an hour after dinner was ready, I knew I was alone, and rushed off like a madman when I looked for you. I was for the moment bewildered; but thinking you must have been taken ill, and that Frank would want help and a light, I hurried to the kitchen for a lantern, and told one of the girls to put on her things and accompany me to the Duke's House, for you were there, and must have been taken ill. But would you believe it? She flatly refused, saying it served you right for going there; you would never be found, for never a person going near that house after dark was ever seen afterward. I ridiculed her nonsense, and appealed to the others; but neither would go, so I had no alternative but to come alone."

When we reached home, I went to the cellar, and got a bottle of Moselle, and made Mary drink off half a tumblerful; and then we sat down to dinner. We were just settled to dessert, when a friend dropped in for a hand at whist, and wandered at our being so late.

I told him the reason; and then asked Mary for her story, as I had forbidden her talking about it until she had got her dinner.

She began: "After you left me, I worked on for a long while, until, feeling hungry, I looked at my watch, and found it was past two o'clock. I then ate my sandwiches, and after taking a turn through some of the rooms, I settled into work again. I had not been long thus occupied when I was aroused by strange irregular noises which seemed to come from the landing above. I then awoke to the consciousness that I had been hearing a scuffling of feet for some little time. The scuffling commenced again; and I got up, and, cautiously, I opened the door, which was ajar, and looked out. I was time to see an old hag disappear in a doorway above, and the door close softly behind her. I stepped up, and noiselessly opened the door, and peeped in; but to my great surprise, the room was empty. I walked in to see if there was any other door through which she could have passed; but there was not; nor was there a window. I was fairly puzzled, for I knew I did not believe in ghosts, and I was down to my room, but could not settle to work. I went up again and again; but could discover nothing, nor could I detect a sound. It was broad day when I saw her; and now I found it was getting too dark for me to do any more of my painting, so I gathered all together, and with them, I went down to the morning room, and sat down to wait for you. As it was now getting dark, and I had been expecting you since three o'clock, I thought you must have forgotten me, so I went down to see if I could find any means of egress. As I could not, I returned to my room, where I could wait for your coming; for I was not at all afraid. Whilst I was thinking whether I should tell you about the old woman to-night or wait until to-morrow, the wind rose moaning amongst the trees, which made it very dreary; and soon I heard sounds above the sighing of the winds, strange heavy thuds below me; and the legends you told me as we walked through some of the rooms in the morning rushed to my mind; but I soon vanished such nonsense, knowing it must be produced by living beings."

"What did he tell you?" asked my wife.

"Why, he told me about a very wicked Duke who for some baleful reason whipped his unfortunate wife every night through the house, and lamentations being heard by any one who had the temerity to be near the house after dark. Well, all was quiet again for a little while, when I heard voices, and the sound of something being shuffled and dragged up the stairs toward the room I was in. I crept behind the door, and holding my breath, peeped through the keyhole. To my horror I saw two ruffians drag up something wrapped in a sheet; they dragged it to the room I had examined by daylight. The door opened, emitting a lurid glare. They entered, but did not stay long, for they soon came out and tramped down-stairs again, leaving the door partly open. I heard the sound of the footsteps die away in the lower basement, and all being quiet, I stole quietly up the stairs and peeped into the room. There, before a fire of red embers, stood the old hag I saw in the afternoon. She was stirring something in a caldron on the fire, gibbering and muttering like the witches in Macbeth. She turned round, and I thought her gaze fell on me. I felt myself sliding down, and remembered no more until I was again aroused by the same two demons coming up with another bundle. What could it do? They would soon be up. I knew now that the old witch had not seen me, for I was left unmolested. I saw I might gain my room before they could possibly reach it, and they would not have me close their own door. I did so, and knew no more until you roused me."

When she had ended, I said: "Mary, dear, do you not think you must have dropped out to sleep whilst waiting for me, and your gloomy surroundings caused that very ugly dream? You know it has been proved that one minute's doze suffices the soul for vagaries which, in our waking hours, would take weeks to perform."

"No," she replied; "I did not sleep one moment. Besides, should I sleep, do you think, in broad day, especially after I saw the old woman vanish out of my sight?"

"Indeed, I do not; but it is all so puzzling."

"And you are certain she did not come out again?"

"Quite positive; for I did not take my eyes off the door until I was in the place, and I walked into the large fireplace, and looked to see if she had hid herself there. But it was all clear up to the sky."

Well, I would believe in its being haunted rather than in its being a den of wholesale murderers. Were our town a seaport or near the sea, I should think it was a haunt for smugglers, who had had a scuffle with the coastguard, and had brought home their dead to show with me, and see the poverty for them buried. Then I thought of the resurrectionists or body-snatchers;

but there was no medical school in the neighborhood, or I would have put it down at once to one of those workings. The more I thought, the more I felt convinced it was the result of my cousin's disordered imagination, from being left all alone at nightfall in such a ghostly building.

"After a while I said: 'Whist is out of the question; to-night, no one's thoughts would be in his or her hand; so, if Tom would like a stroll, I am ready for one.'"

He eagerly accepted the invitation; but my wife and Mary both sprang up and intercepted us on our way to the door, saying I should not go out. She knew I meant to go to the House, and if I did, she would go too. I pooked the idea of going there, especially after what Mary had told me.

"You don't believe a word I have told you—I am sure you do not; I can see it by the twinkle of your eyes!" she exclaimed—"And don't you go, Tom, let me beg of you" (Mary had a special interest in Tom); "and then he won't care to go alone."

So Tom promised, fully meaning to keep the promise. I am sure; and we were allowed to pass.

As soon as we got outside, I said: "Well, Tom, I did not promise, nor do I wish to break yours; but I am off to the 'Duke's.' I have the key in my pocket, and wish to satisfy myself; to-morrow may be too late."

"Then you believe Mary's story?" he asked.

"Well, I am bound to believe it; but it is not murderers or ghosts, and I'll find out before I come back. But don't you go in until I return, or you will be sending my wife after me, and all will depend on quiet."

"No," he said; "if you go, I will. No great harm in breaking a promise of that kind; and it will be forgotten when I plead anxiety for your safety."

"Agreed," I replied. "But we must have a light. And if I go into the kitchen for my bull's eye, it will create suspicion there, and the news will be carried into the parlor."

"I have one at my lodgings," he said; "and it's on our road; we can call and get it."

We accordingly did, and Tom suggested our taking a pair of pistols, in case of need. I firmly believe Tom hoped for a brush with the villains.

Arriving there, we walked around the house before entering it, and peeped into every nook we could find. At last, we directed our glance to the upper regions, and about half-way up the circular tower we thought we could discern a light. This was the window Mary had chosen for her sketch. Tom could see it too. So we determined on entering, and if possible solving the riddle. As we reached the second landing—it was a noble staircase with its carved balustrade—we heard voices and thumping as of beating heavy substances against the walls. When we came to the story whence we saw the light on the outside, I then produced his lantern to find the door; so well did it fit that we could see no crevices of light to guide us; but all was dark. We entered; but it was quite empty, and the tapestry being stripped from the walls, showed nothing but the rough stones. All was now so quiet that it really seemed as though we had disturbed demon phantoms at their revels.

I said to Tom: "What can be the meaning of this?"

When just as he was going to reply, the noises commenced again, and we stepped outside and listened attentively. At last Tom suggested: "One of these niches, which looked paneled out for statues, must be a door."

We examined the one carefully next the room we had just left, and sure enough came upon a secret spring. Tom put his light out of sight and put his hand on his pistol. I very gently pressed the spring, when it noiselessly opened sufficient for us to see into the room. There was the old hag still at her loom, and one man with a knife dismembering the limbs of his victim.

He stopped his work, and addressed some things out of our sight; and we, having seen enough, quietly closed the door, darted down stairs, and soon reached home. Tom was always very pale, with large dark eyes; and when he entered the room where my wife and Mary were, his look told in a moment where we had been.

"Yes," I said in reply to their queries; "we have been there, and have seen enough to appal the stoutest heart." Here I caught Tom's well-demeaned look of alarm, and could contain myself no longer; I flung myself on the couch and roared with laughter.

I laughed so long that my wife began to think my brain was turned. She looked at Tom, but he kept his countenance, and continued his diabolical stance. At last, seeing they were really frightened, I gasped out: "Murder will out! The corpses were pigs, scalded pigs; and the hag was the old woman that sells such splendid black puddings!"

When I took the key back to the old man, I asked him why he had his butcher's shop at the top of the old building.

"Oh, sir," he replied, "don't tell on me. You see, sir, I make a little by letting it very cheap to these people. I shouldn't be allowed, were it known. They use that room because no one knows of it, and they are unmolested. Can show the house without showing that room to the strangers who visit the town. I used to do a good bit by showing it in former times, but very few come to see it now."

I never hear of haunted houses now but I think of the pig-killers.—*Chambers' Journal.*

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THE GAZETTE.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY.

Published Every Evening Except Sunday, at \$7.00 Per Year by

THE GAZETTE PRINTING COMPANY.

OFFICE ON NORTH MAIN STREET, JANEVILLE, - - WISCONSIN.

NOTICES FOR THIS COLUMN WILL BE CHARGED FOR AT TEN CENTS PER LINE, FIRST INSERTION AND SIX CENTS FOR EACH SUBSEQUENT INSERTION. DAILY AND WEEKLY TWENTY CENTS. FIRST AND TWELVE CENTS EACH SUBSEQUENT INSERTION.

MOSELEY has just received a very fine lot of photographs of celebrities.

ALL goods at bottom prices at Britton & Kimball's.

Be sure to call at Moseley's before you make your selections of Holiday presents.

If you want a nice Christmas present, call at R. W. King's and buy Webster's New Edition Unabridged Dictionary with three thousand engravings.

CHRISTMAS cards, the handsomest assortment ever brought to the city, at Moseley's.

HOLIDAY trade—Walnut smoking or reading chair plush band, tips and tassels, engraved and gilded, very cheap at M. Hanson & Co.

Moseley has an unusually large assortment of presents suitable for children, in the way of books, games, toys, etc.

For easy chairs, patent rockers, and smoking chairs, go to Britton & Kimball's.

Moseley will receive next week a car load of those matchless Clough Warren organs just the thing for an elegant Christmas present.

M. Hanson & Co., offer something new in the Chamber Set line, which is neat and stylish, call a Lady's Triple Deck, Persian Toilet Dresser, with French Plate, 40x30. Call and see it.

Moseley has been receiving Holiday goods for the past two months, and the display they now make of such goods is simply immense. Go in and look over their stock.

\$45.00 buys a very fine marble top dressing case suit at Britton & Kimball's, 18 x 40 plate glass, double decks, slipper drawer, real French veneer. Nothing equal to it in these parts.

\$55.00 buys a genuine Lepanto Marble Top, all Walnut Chamber Suite with French Burl Veneered Panels. This Suite is first-class and has no equal in the city. M. Hanson & Co., Factory on the Race.

Britton & Kimball are receiving daily the finest lot of easy chairs and rockers ever shown in Janesville. Call and see them.

The best in the world—the Electrophone 5 cent Cigar, at Vankirk's.

Smoke the Electrophone, at Vankirk's.

Clear Havana and Yara Cigar, The Electrophone, at Vankirk's.

Leave orders for ice at Reed's grocery, or Myers' meat market, next to No. 2 Engine house.

For SALE—A new Mosler, Bahmann & Co. safe, weighing eleven hundred pounds, can be seen at GAZETTE counting room.

For SALE—One set of Howe's celebrated sliding poise, platform scales, just received from the manufacturers, can be seen at the GAZETTE counting room.

For SALE CHEAP—One cutter, one robe and one string of bells, all in good shape. For particulars call at the GAZETTE counting room.

For SALE—One of the celebrated Improved Howe sewing machines, new and in perfect running order, price low, at the GAZETTE counting room.

LOCAL MATTER.

Ladies' and Gents' Stationery.

For a good article of Writing Paper, Envelopes, Pens, Ink, etc., at reasonable prices, call at Bader's Bookstore.

Go to A. J. Roberts for Mrs. Freeman's new National Dyes. For brightness and durability of color are unequalled. Color from 2 to 5 pounds. Price, 15 cents. Jy24dwly

Over 150.000 Howe Scales sold. Borden, Seleck & Co., Agents, Chicago, Ill. sept14dwly

MANHOOD RESTORED.

A victim of early imprudence, causing nervous debility, premature decay, etc., having tried in vain every known remedy, has discovered a simple means of self-cure, which will restore him to his former vigor. Address J. H. REYES, 43 Chatham St., N.Y. nov10dwly

Mothers! Mothers! Mothers!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of teething? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, opening like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere, 25 cents a bottle.

Coughs.

"Brown's Bronchial Troche" are used with advantage to alleviate Coughs, Sore Throats, Hoarseness and Bronchial Affections. For thirty years these Troche have been in use, with annually increasing favor. They are not new and untried, having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly a century. In general, they have attained well-merited rank among the first remedies of the age.

The Troche.—"Brown's Bronchial Troche" act directly on the organs of the voice. They have an extraordinary effect in all disorders of the Throat and Larynx, restoring a healthy tone when relaxed, either from cold or over-exertion of the voice, and produce a clear and distinct enunciation. Speakers and Singers find the Troche useful.

A COUGH, COLD, CATARRH or Sore Throat requires immediate attention, as neglect often results in some incurable Lung Disease. "Brown's Bronchial Troche" will almost invariably give relief. Imitations are offered for sale, many of which are injurious. The genuine "Brown's Bronchial Troche" are sold only in boxes.

BLANKS OF ALL KINDS—At the very low rates at the GAZETTE OFFICE.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE.

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul.

From Milwaukee to Chicago and East, 4:40 P. M.

From Chicago to Milwaukee and East, 9:50 P. M.

From Madison, St. Paul and all points North and West, 1:55 P. M.

From Milwaukee, Albany and Monroe, 8:30 P. M.

From Brookfield, Albany and Monroe, 12:30 P. M.

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CREEDS OF THE BELLS.

The Services of the Several Sanctuaries in the City To-morrow.

The following are the announcements of religious services to be held to-morrow in the several churches of the city:

Y. M. C. A.—Regular Sabbath afternoon meeting at 3 o'clock, in Cannon's hall. All are welcome.

Gospel meeting in Cannon's hall at 3 o'clock.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH—Services of Pastor, Services, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

The subject of Rev. Mr. Sawin's discourse—On Sunday morning is "The Divine Shaping." Subject of the children's sermon—"Cheerful Obedience." A cordial invitation is extended to every body.

CHRIST CHURCH—On Court street, Rev. A. L. Royce, Pastor. Services at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

Morning subject, "The Great Redeemer." In the evening the pastor will deliver the third of his Advent lectures to young men, subject, "Sober-Mindedness." A cordial invitation extended to all.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Northwestern corner of Jackson and Pleasant streets. Rev. E. L. Casaday, Pastor. Residence, 65 Madison street. Public worship, Sabbath morning at 10 o'clock. School at 12 A. M. Young people's meeting at 8 o'clock. Prayer meeting, Wednesday evening, 7:30 o'clock. Meeting Tuesday evening, 7:30 o'clock.

In the morning the pastor will preach. In the evening there will be a union service which will be addressed by Rev. Dr. Bailey, in regard to Rev. W. C. Van Meter's work in Rome.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—On Jackson street, Rev. W. F. Brown, Acting Pastor. Services, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

Morning subject, "What is the influence of your life on others?" Evening topic, "How can we know and help others know the way to God?"

UNITED CHURCH—Corner of Jackson and Third streets. Rev. Thomas W. McElroy, Pastor. Services, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

First M. E. Church—Corner of Jackson and Third streets. Rev. G. W. Wells, Pastor. Residence, 1030 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12 A. M. Prayer meetings Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

ALL SOULS CHURCH—Corner of Court and Third streets. Rev. J. E. Jones, Pastor. Sunday services at 10:30 A. M. Sunday school at 12 A. M.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH—Corner of Holmes and Cherry streets. Rev. E. M. McManis, Pastor. Services, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. and Vespers at 4:30 P. M.

PERSONAL.

H. W. Welcher, of Madison, Superintendent of the Fish Hatcheries of Wisconsin, is in the city to-day.

Mrs. Arthur Hayward arrived last evening, to spend the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Chase.

J. H. Boyle, son-in-law of J. S. Bliss, has prepared a lecture on "Russia and Nihilism," and is open for engagements to deliver it.

Merritt De Groat is doing some practical missionary work by collecting reading matter for distribution among the unfortunate at Johnston.

Mr. A. McDougall has returned from a trip to New Mexico. Mrs. McDougall has been spending a portion of the time during his absence in visiting her daughter at Edgerton, and has returned also.

S. A. Pond's son, Willie, is still suffering from the effects of the injury to his knee received while skating, but there is a good prospect for a speedy and complete recovery. Dr. Loomis is caring for him.

E. F. Welch, of this city, who travels for Phelps, Dodge & Palmer, has sent some Denver papers, and other Western literature, showing up some of the country he is supplying with boots and shoes.

Dr. Palmer and W. T. Vankirk are expected to arrive this evening from New Orleans, where they have been spending the week. Dr. Carey, who has been attending to Dr. Palmer's business during his absence, returned to White-water this afternoon, to resume his practice there.

P. Van Vechten, Sheriff of Milwaukee county, a well known Republican and a whole-souled, warm-hearted gentleman, called upon the GAZETTE this morning. He came hither as one of the officers of the Supreme Temple of Uniformed Patriots to aid in instituting the Bower City Temple last evening.

Joseph B. Crosby, who lately went to Florida, sent us from Jacksonville some late papers, and some samples of southern vegetation including orange leaves, moss, etc. It makes one sigh for the sunny south to read the weather report showing the thermometer as standing at 78 degrees above, on the 2d of December.

In the last number of the Country Gentleman one correspondent from Addie, Va., bears testimony to the success resulting from following the advice of Dr. Horne, of this city, in the treatment of disease in sheep, and another correspondent from Washington also pays the following tribute to him: "I have several books and works on poultry, but the short, incisive, articles of Dr. Horne's, which appear in the Country Gentleman, are of more real benefit to me than all my other chicken literature combined. There is no wading, or sifting needed, for he crowls all that is required into an easily digested and remembered space."

SOME HOLIDAY ATTRACTIONS.

It is exceedingly refreshing at this season of the year to walk into a book and fine-art store containing so many attractions as that of James Sutherland & Sons. There never was a time when book-making was more skillfully done than at present, and art was never so varied and perfect as now. Mr. Sutherland has kept up with the times and has most successfully catered to the taste of the public and the demands of trade. In the book line his stock is very large and the variety surprisingly attractive. Of the standard books, his assortment is especially adapted to this season of the year; and of pictures, including rich engrav-

ings, splendid chromos, and fine photographs, his line is larger than ever before, and in quality, it was never more worthy of praise and admiration.

Those who desire to purchase holiday goods in the book and picture line, will be greatly gratified and handsomely paid by calling on Messrs. Sutherland & Sons. Aside from these goods, they have a large stock of beautiful albums, which for variety and excellence was never before seen in this market, and toilet sets, writing desks, elegant picture cases, and an almost endless number of articles belonging to their line of trade. Such preparations in a book and art store for the holiday trade have never been excelled in Janesville, and the display is well worth a visit.

BRILLIANT AND ENJOYABLE.

Last evening there occurred the social event to which so many have been looking forward with such expectations of enjoyment, it being the gathering of friends called together by the invitations issued by Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Casaday, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Linnchett, and Mrs. Dow. The place appointed for the happy doings was Cannon's hall, which, as all know, is most conveniently arranged for such a lavish showing of hospitality.

The guests began assembling at 7 o'clock, the hour named in the invitations, and in the course of half an hour the hall was well filled with friends. They were cordially received as they entered, and were so placed at ease by the greeting that each seemed to catch the spirit of the occasion, and to feel at liberty to take such delight as to each seemed best, and for such a large gathering, there was little of the restraint of stifling formality.

About 8 o'clock Anderson's orchestra took their position, and music was added to the entertainment. The center of the hall was, by common consent, given up to those who delighted in the merry dance, while the other guests were deployed about the outskirts of the room in little groups, chatting and laughing, and seemingly enjoying the occasion no less heartily than those who kept step to the music. About 10 o'clock supper was served, and this feature of the occasion was so well managed as to indicate how careful and thoughtful had all arrangements been planned for the enjoyment and comfort of the guests.

Without any confusion or apparent inconvenience, the guests for a few moments gave up the center of the hall for the setting of the tables, and in those few moments a cheering transformation scene took place, while friends were chatting and exchanging social courtesies. There appeared, as by magic, tables temptingly spread, and laden with a beautiful supply of toothsome viands, of which the guests were invited to partake, and when the goodly company were seated, they were most promptly and attentively waited upon, and served with substantial and delicacies till every want and wish was bountifully supplied. The music continued throughout the feasting, and a most brilliantly, hospitable scene was presented.

At its close, the tables were made to disappear quickly by the same magic, and the floor was soon graced with the figures of the dance, while the chatting was resumed, and the happy groupings reformed. Some guests found delight in the gallery, where chatting with each other, they could better view the merry dancers. Some of the gentlemen repaired to the adjacent rooms and their took their evening smoke, and chatted or played a friendly game of cards, and thus the guests found varied entertainment, yet running through all was the same spirit of ease and hospitality.

The company thus called together was composed of our best known residents, and the gathering was as brilliant as it was enjoyable. There was but one lack in the execution of the well-laid plans, and that lack was greatly regretted by all, it being the unavoidable absence of Judge Casaday, whom all would have been most happy to greet, but who was detained in Madison, and was consequently unable to be present.

The enjoyment of the occasion caused many to tarry to a late hour, and among all the guests there seemed a unanimous and enthusiastic sentiment, pronouncing this occasion, one of the happiest, most wisely planned, most successfully executed, and thoroughly enjoyable events, which ever brightened the social record of Janesville.

THE WEATHER.

REPORTED BY PRENTICE & EVENSON, DRUMMERS.

The thermometer at 6 o'clock last night stood at 18 degrees above zero; at 1 o'clock A. M. to-day at 10 above; at 7 o'clock A. M. at 12 degrees above, and at 1 o'clock P. M. at 33 degrees above, and partly cloudy.

A SLIGHT ERROR.

To the Editor.

MILTON JUNCTION, Dec. 10, 1880.

In your weekly issue of December 9th, there is a slight error, yet, to no essential error, in the official report of the proceedings of the County Board. The types have represented me as moving that the claims for telephones and microphones should be allowed.

As the importance of the correction is dependent upon the merits of the question, a few brief statements may be deemed in order.

At the session of the Board in May, it was voted that two telephones should be rented, one for the